

MARVEL
COMICS



MAR
#373

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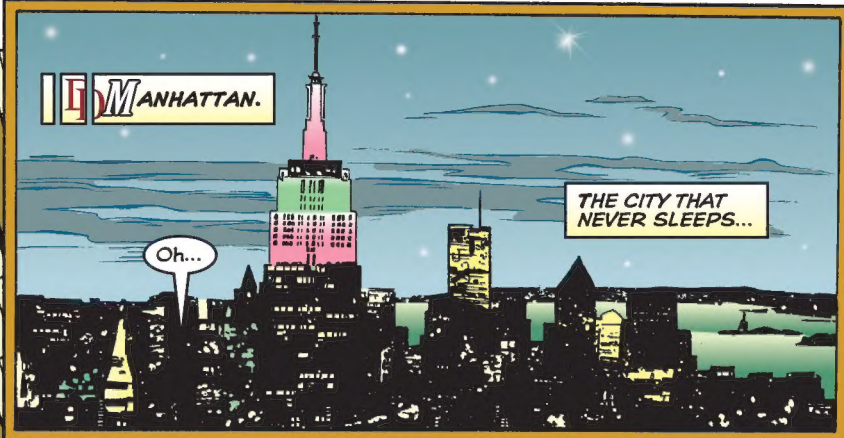
KELLY
RAAB
ACOSTA
LaROSA

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR



FEAR
&
LOATHING



IF MANHATTAN.

THE CITY THAT
NEVER SLEEPS...

Oh...

I
CAN'T DESCRIBE
HOW **GOOD** THIS
FEELS...

TRY...

BECAUSE THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING
MORE... **STIMULATING** THAN **SNORING**
TO DO WHEN THE LIGHTS GO DOWN.



YEAHHH...
AND -- **HOLD
ON** --



-- WHERE
EXACTLY ARE YOU
GOING WITH THAT
CUCUMBER?

**TRUST
ME.**



WILL
THE STANDARD
GRUNTING AND
MOANING
SUFFICE?

YES.

EXCELLENT...
Mmmm Oh, I
LIKE THAT...

OKAY...
I WAS WITH YOU
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT
DURING THE AROMA
THERAPY... AND I COULD
EVEN BUY THE ALGAE
MASK...

...BUT
YOU LOST ME
WITH THE **CHEF'S**
SALAD.

**PUFFY
EYES.** JUST
BECAUSE YOU HIDE
THEM BEHIND **BLIND
MAN'S SUNGLASSES**
ALL DAY DOESN'T MEAN
THAT YOU SHOULD BE
ABLE TO CARRY
GROCERIES IN
THEM, **MATT.**



NEXT TIME I'M SAVING SOME KID FROM BLADING IN FRONT OF A BUS, I'LL REMEMBER TO TAKE A **TIME-OUT** AND PUT MY FACE IN A PRODUCE CART.

WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, TRY PICKING YOURSELF UP A **LOOFA SPONGE**. YOU NEED TO EXFOLIATE **BIG TIME**, HON.

THAT MASK OF YOUR CHAFES WORSE THAN BAD JEANS.

WHAT THE HECK IS A **LOOFAP**

FORGET IT... I WON'T PUSH MY LUCK. I'M AMAZED YOU LET ME TAKE IT **THIS FAR**...

I HOPE THAT YOU'RE NOT JUST **HUMORING** ME...

KAREN, TO SOMEONE WITH **HYPER-SENSITIVE** SKIN WHO CAN FEEL EVERY PORE, EVERY **HAIR** ON HIS BODY... THIS IS RELAXING ME BEYOND WORDS.

YOU'VE **ACTUALLY** TAKEN MY MIND OFF THIS LATEST MYSTERY FOR ALL OF FIFTEEN SECONDS... THAT'S NO SMALL FEAT.

WELL, EVEN **DAREDEVIL** NEEDS A LITTLE **PAMPERING** FROM TIME TO TIME...

...AND IT'S A GOOD WAY TO KEEP YOU **STILL** LONG ENOUGH TO ACTUALLY CARRY ON A CONVERSATION.

I KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT WITH ALL THAT **GOOK** ON YOUR FACE.

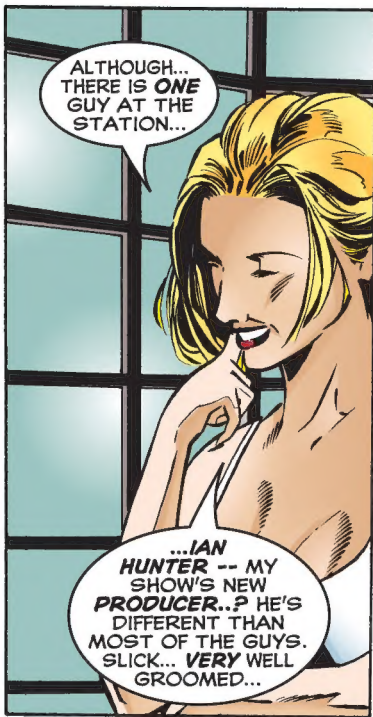
I KNOW I'M GETTING **CLOSE**, BUT THERE ARE SO MANY CURVE BALLS COMING MY WAY...

...A **DOUBLE MURDER** WITH NO **BODIES**... A MYSTERY PRISONER WITH NO **RECORD**...

...AND THEN **GHOST RIDER** SHOWS UP AND COMPLETELY THROWS ME FOR A LOOP.

MOST GUYS I KNOW HARDLY MAKE USE OF GOOD OL' **SOAP AND WATER**...

...PUT IT THIS WAY, BE THANKFUL **RADIO** ONLY CATCHES **SOUNDS**... **PE-YEW!**



ALTHOUGH...
THERE IS **ONE**
GUY AT THE
STATION...

...IAN
HUNTER -- MY
SHOW'S NEW
PRODUCER... HE'S
DIFFERENT THAN
MOST OF THE GUYS.
SLICK... **VERY** WELL
GROOMED...



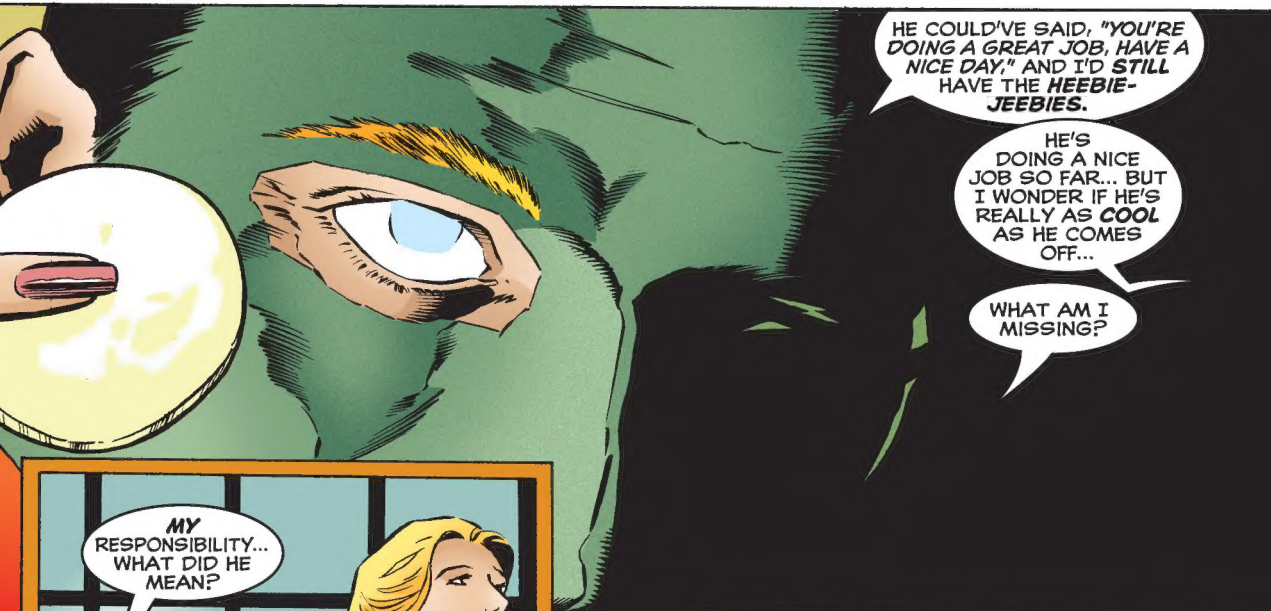
...I'D
EVEN GO AS
FAR AS TO SAY...
DEBONAIR. I MEAN...
YOU KNOW... FOR A
PRODUCER.

"THIS
IS YOUR
RESPONSIBILITY..."
HE SAYS... IN THAT
ICY VOICE OF HIS...
THAT **GOT** TO
ME...

WELL...
DEBONAIR FOR
ANYONE...



OF
COURSE, IT'S
NOT **UNREASONABLE**
TO BE CONCERNED WITH
A GUY WITH A **FLAMING**
SKULL FOR A
HEAD.



HE COULD'VE SAID, "YOU'RE
DOING A GREAT JOB, HAVE A
NICE DAY," AND I'D STILL
HAVE THE **HEEBIE-
JEEBIES.**

HE'S
DOING A NICE
JOB SO FAR... BUT
I WONDER IF HE'S
REALLY AS **COOL**
AS HE COMES
OFF...

WHAT AM I
MISSING?



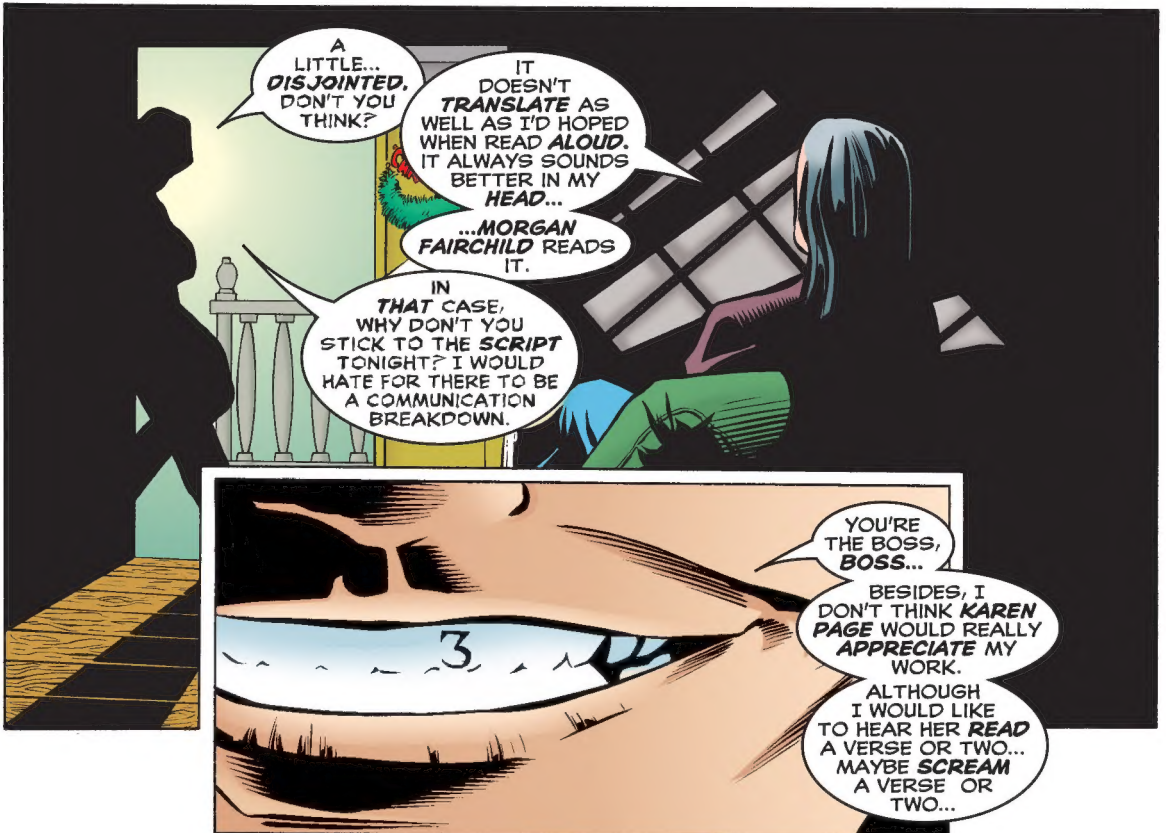
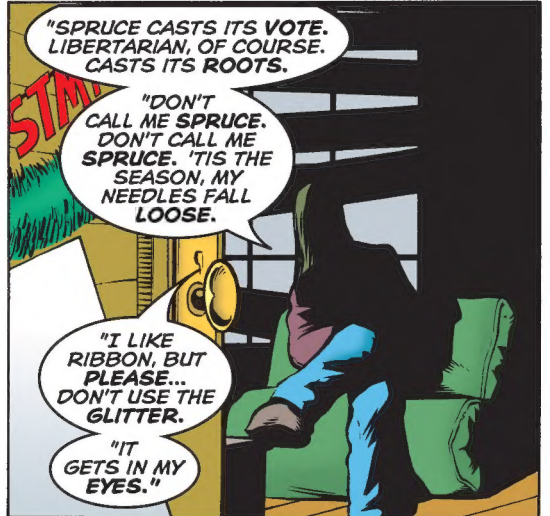
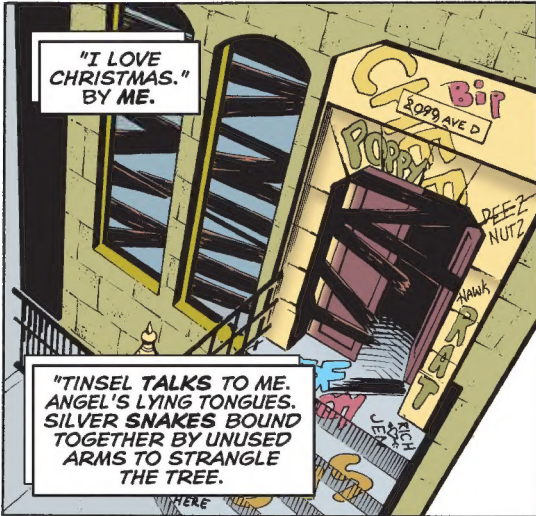
MY
RESPONSIBILITY...
WHAT DID HE
MEAN?

A **NICE**
GUY...



I'M
SORRY, KAREN,
WHAT DID YOU
SAY?

WHAT?
DID YOU SAY
SOMETHING?



THE MAN
Stan Lee
presents
WITHOUT FEAR

WEIGHT OF THE WORLD

PATIENCE,
BOY... YOU'LL GET
CLOSER TO KAREN
PAGE THAN YOU
EVER THOUGHT
POSSIBLE...

YOU
HAVE THE
WORD OF... Mr.
FEAR!

JOE KELLY
STORY & SCRIPT
WITH VERY SPECIAL
PLOT ASSIST BY
BEN RAAB

RICHIE
ACOSTA
PENCILS

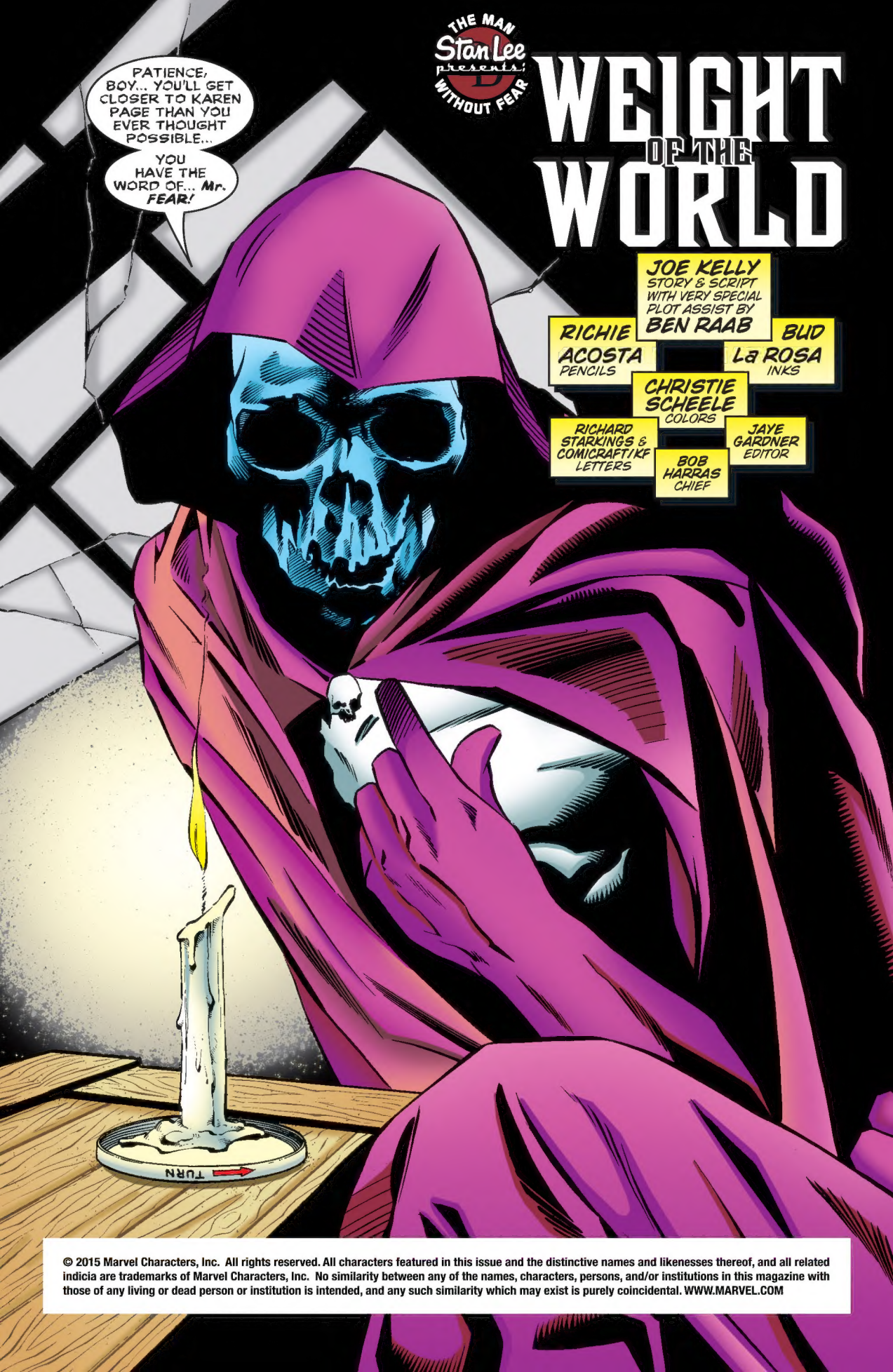
BUD
La ROSA
INKS

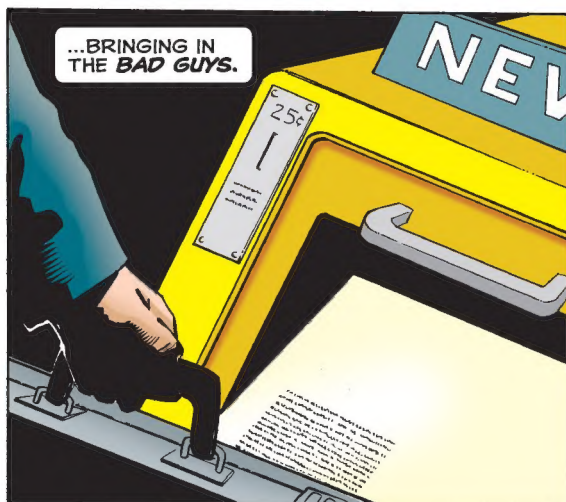
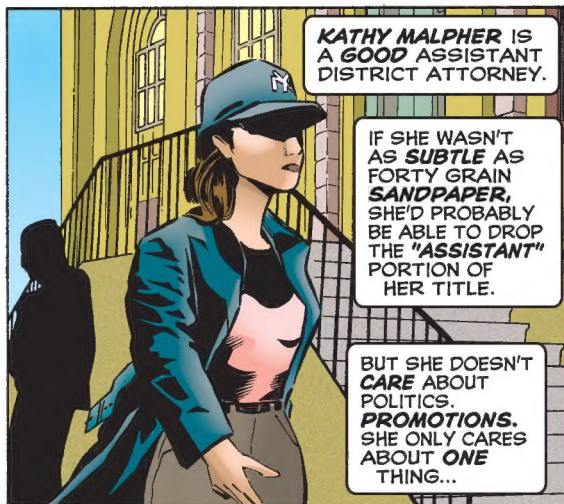
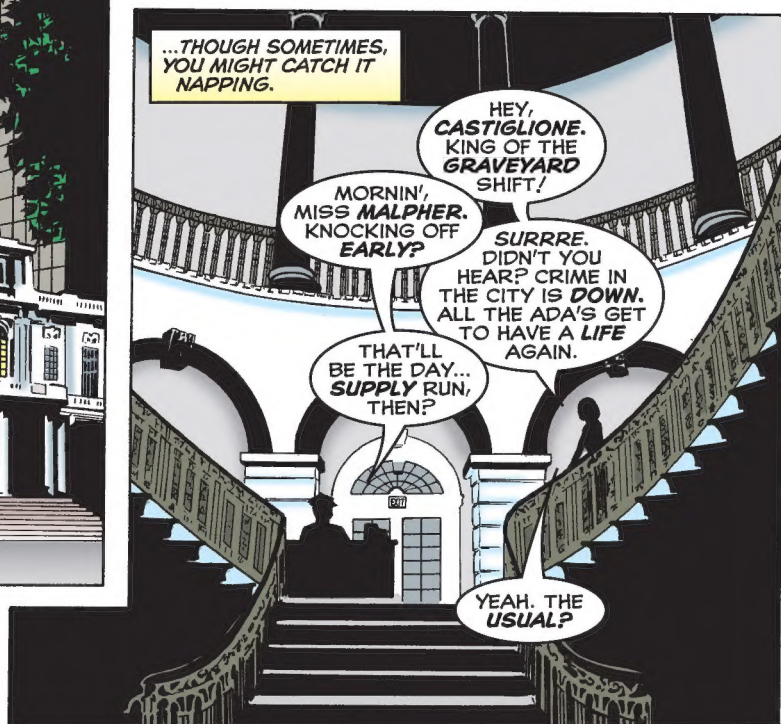
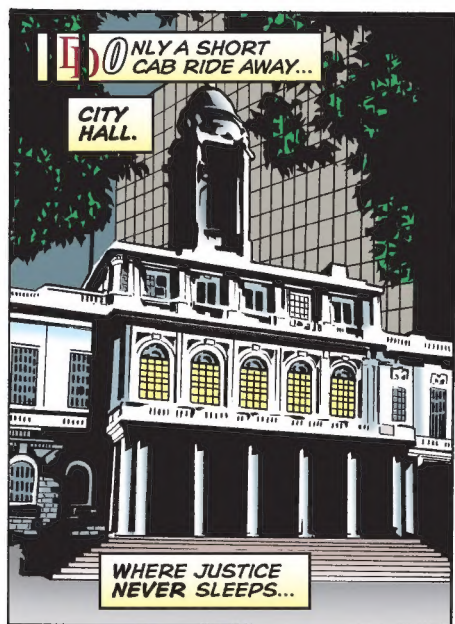
CHRISTIE
SCHEELE
COLORS

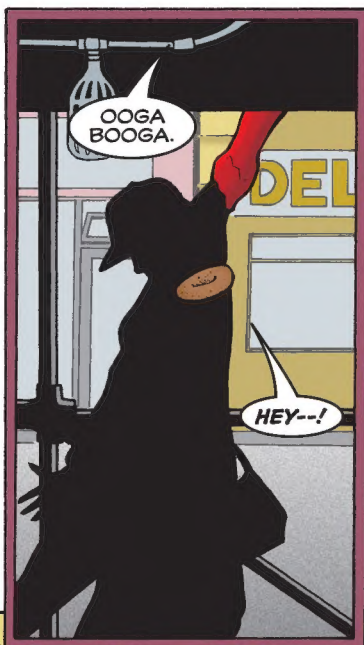
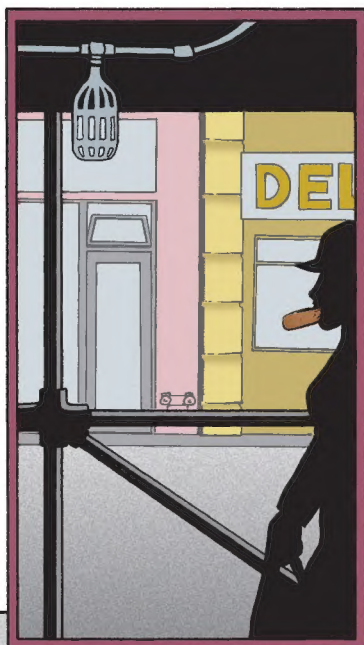
RICHARD
STARKINGS &
COMICRAFT/KF
LETTERS

JAYE
GARDNER
EDITOR

BOB
HARRAS
CHIEF







DAREDEVIL!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING **PLUCKING** ME OFF OF THE STREET LIKE THAT?

TRUTH BE TOLD, COUNSELOR, I THINK I WAS ALMOST **DISLOCATING MY SHOULDER...**

NOT FOR NOTHING, BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO RUN WITH COSTUMED VIGILANTES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, YOU REALLY OUGHT TO CONSIDER CARROT STICKS...

DON'T TRY TO BE **CUTE** WITH ME, MISTER/ YOU'RE LUCKY I DIDN'T **KARATE CHOP** YOU FOR SCARING THE LIFE OUT OF ME!

KARATE CHOP? WOW...

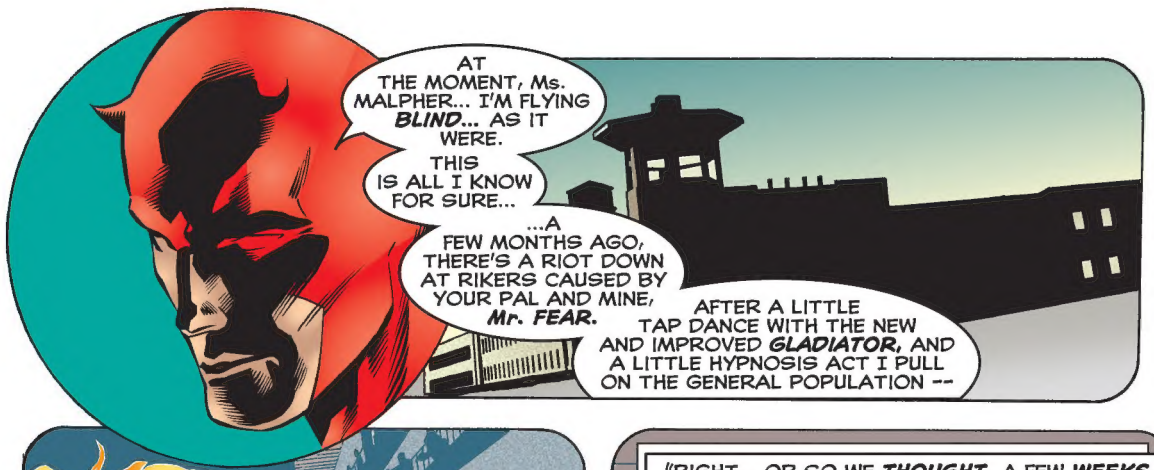
LOOK, I'M **SORRY**, Ms. MALPHER, BUT CONSIDERING HOW WE SEEM TO BE WORKING **AGAINST** THE POWERS-THAT-BE-WRITING-YOUR-PAYCHECK --

-- I THOUGHT DISCRETION WOULD BE THE BEST COURSE.

INCIDENTALLY, A PAL OF MINE PUTS AWAY A BAG OF **KRISPY KREMES** DAILY... AND TRUST ME, IT'S REALLY NOT VERY BECOMING...

IT'S **COMFORT** FOOD, DEVIL. **DROP IT.**





AT THE MOMENT, Ms. MALPHER... I'M FLYING **BLIND**... AS IT WERE. THIS IS ALL I KNOW FOR SURE...

...A FEW MONTHS AGO, THERE'S A RIOT DOWN AT RIKERS CAUSED BY YOUR PAL AND MINE, **Mr. FEAR**.

AFTER A LITTLE TAP DANCE WITH THE NEW AND IMPROVED **GLADIATOR**, AND A LITTLE HYPNOSIS ACT I PULL ON THE GENERAL POPULATION --

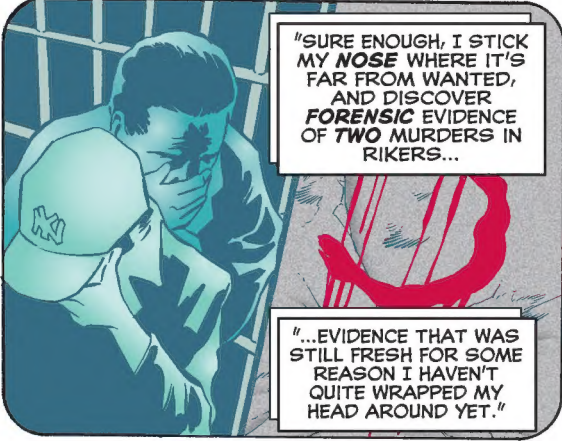


"-- THE RIOT IS **QUELLED** WITHOUT ANY **BLOODSHED**, ALL NAUGHTY BOYS ACCOUNTED FOR, **EXCEPT** FEAR HIMSELF, WHO MANAGES TO SLIP AWAY."



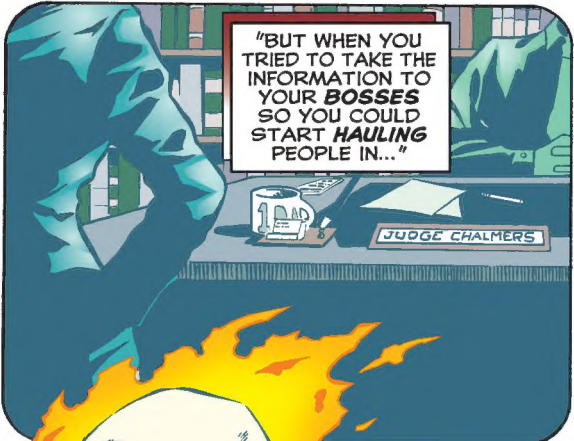
"RIGHT... OR SO WE **THOUGHT**. A FEW **WEEKS** LATER, I WAS DOING RESEARCH INTO THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON WORK-RELATED STRESS..."

"...WHEN A RIKER'S EMPLOYEE APPROACHES ME WITH A TIP THAT REPORTS ON THE OUTCOME OF YOUR LITTLE ADVENTURE MIGHT NOT BE SO ACCURATE."



"SURE ENOUGH, I STICK MY **NOSE** WHERE IT'S FAR FROM WANTED, AND DISCOVER **FORENSIC** EVIDENCE OF **TWO MURDERS** IN RIKERS..."

"...EVIDENCE THAT WAS STILL FRESH FOR SOME REASON I HAVEN'T QUITE WRAPPED MY HEAD AROUND YET."



"BUT WHEN YOU TRIED TO TAKE THE INFORMATION TO YOUR **BOSSSES** SO YOU COULD START **HAULING** PEOPLE IN..."

"I GOT THE STONEWALL, **BIG** TIME. ACCESS **DENIED**, PERIOD."

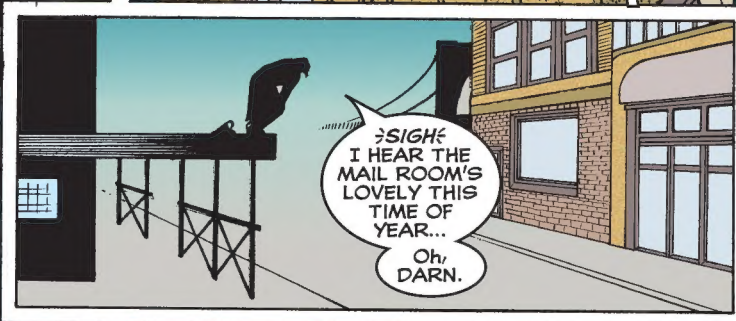
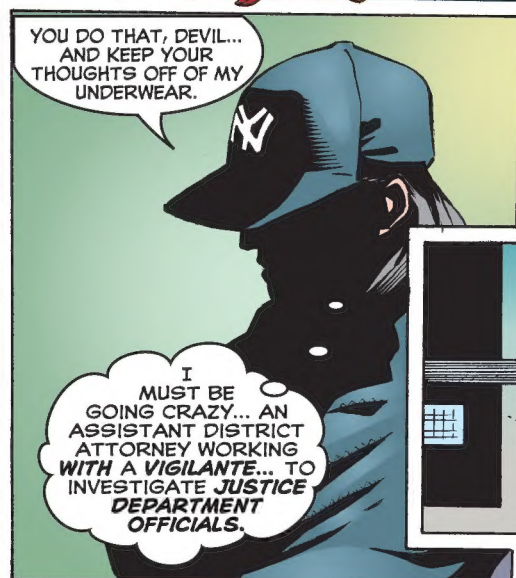
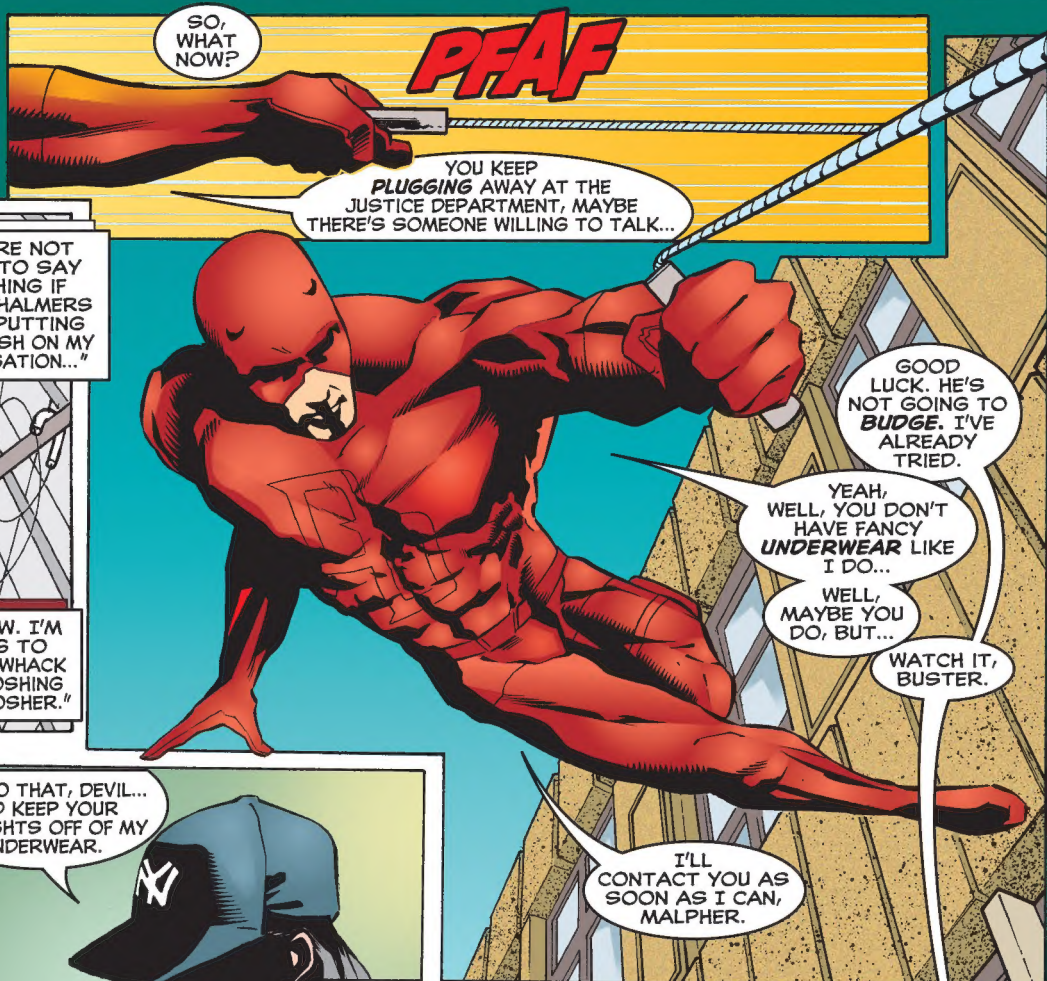
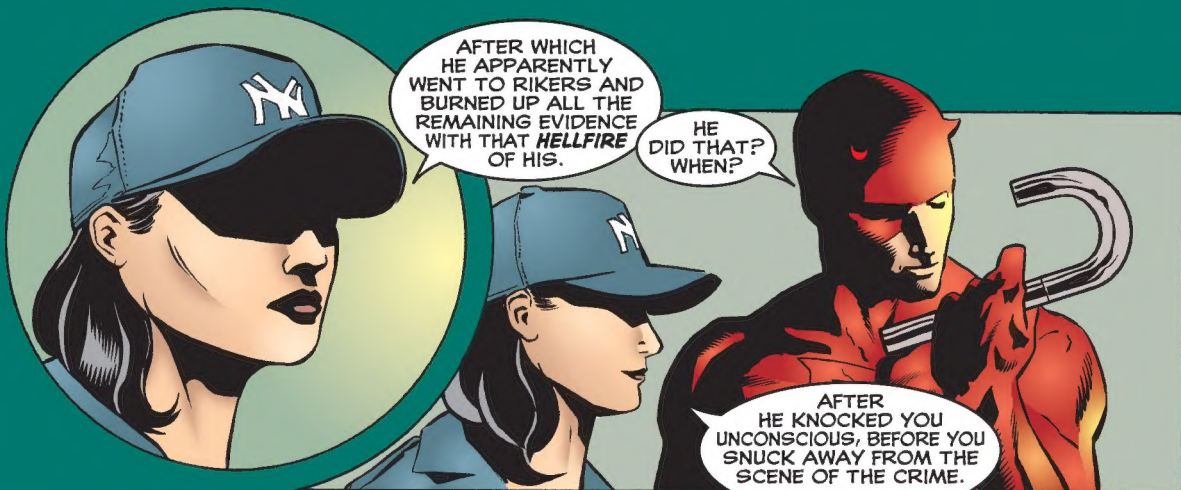
"SO I TAKE IT ON MYSELF TO SEEK OUT THE WARDEN FOR SOME **UNOFFICIAL** QUESTIONING --

"-- ONLY TO FIND THAT **GHOST RIDER** OF ALL PEOPLE BEAT US TO HIM!"

"SINCE IT WOULD BE **AGAINST** HIS CODE OF **SPOOKINESS** TO ACTUALLY WORK **WITH** SOMEONE FOR A CHANGE --

"-- HE **DEEP FRIES** THE WARDEN'S MIND BEFORE **EITHER** OF US CAN GET THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM."





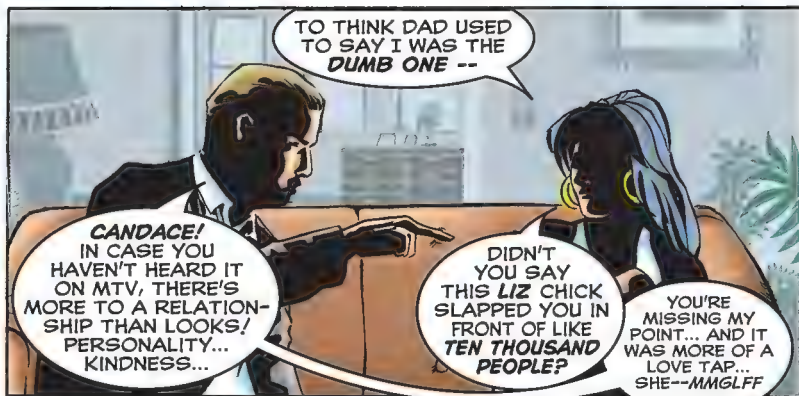


MEANWHILE, AT THE MODEST DIGGS OF DD'S BEST PAL... ONE FRANKLIN NELSON...

TIME OUT! REWIND!

YOU'RE TELLING ME THAT YOU HAD A SHOT AT SCAMMING NIOMI BRINKE... A TOP TEN SUPERMODEL...

...AND YOU WENT WITH THE CHICK WHO RAN A CHEMICAL PLANT?



TO THINK DAD USED TO SAY I WAS THE DUMB ONE --

CANDACE! IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD IT ON MTV, THERE'S MORE TO A RELATIONSHIP THAN LOOKS! PERSONALITY... KINDNESS...

DIDN'T YOU SAY THIS LIZ CHICK SLAPPED YOU IN FRONT OF LIKE TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE?

YOU'RE MISSING MY POINT... AND IT WAS MORE OF A LOVE TAP... SHE--MMGLFF



OKAY, OKAY, BRO... LOOK, I'VE MADE MORE THAN MY SHARE OF NEGATIVE CAREER MOVES IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LOVE...

...SO I'LL LET IT GO IF YOU PROMISE TO GET OFF MY BACK ABOUT NOT RAPPING ENOUGH WITH MOM AND DAD --

BUFF CANDUFF!

PLEASE, KID... I'M SO OVER THAT ONE.

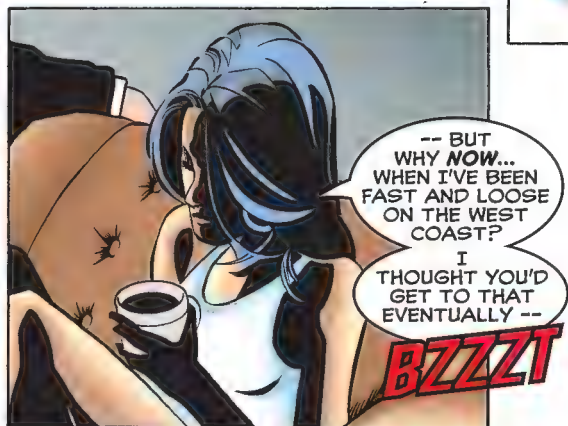


ULLRIGHT... THEFF--

SAHEM THEN TELL ME THIS...

...WHY THE HECK ARE YOU HERE?

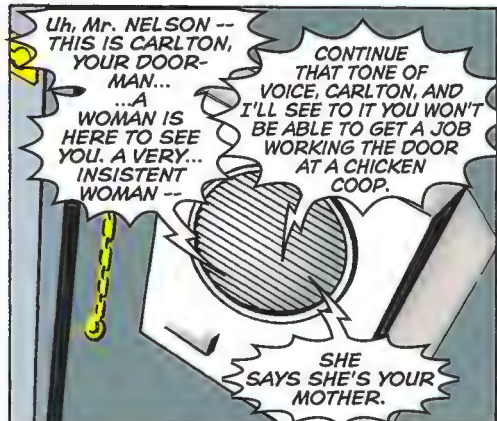
I MEAN, IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU, BUT --



-- BUT WHY NOW... WHEN I'VE BEEN FAST AND LOOSE ON THE WEST COAST?

I THOUGHT YOU'D GET TO THAT EVENTUALLY --

BZZZZT

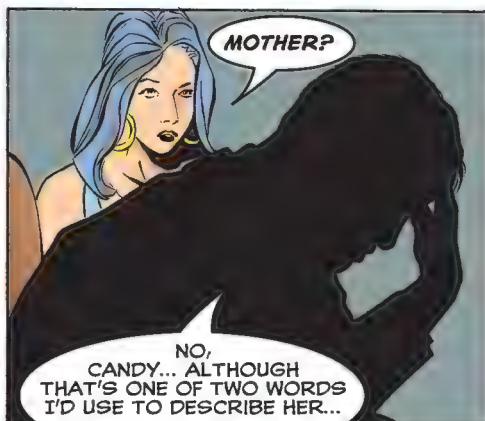


Uh, Mr. NELSON -- THIS IS CARLTON, YOUR DOOR-MAN...

...A WOMAN IS HERE TO SEE YOU. A VERY... INSISTENT WOMAN --

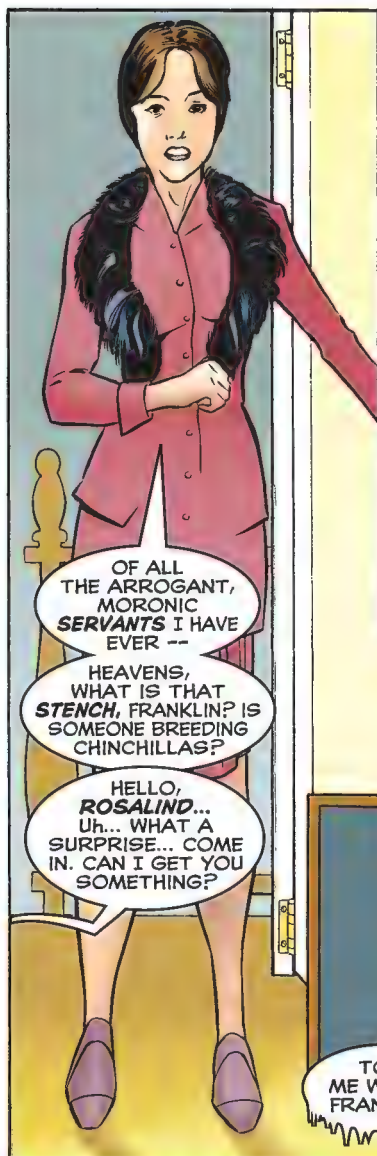
CONTINUE THAT TONE OF VOICE, CARLTON, AND I'LL SEE TO IT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET A JOB WORKING THE DOOR AT A CHICKEN COOP.

SHE SAYS SHE'S YOUR MOTHER.



MOTHER?

NO, CANDY... ALTHOUGH THAT'S ONE OF TWO WORDS I'D USE TO DESCRIBE HER...



OF ALL THE ARROGANT, MORONIC SERVANTS I HAVE EVER --

HEAVENS, WHAT IS THAT STENCH, FRANKLIN? IS SOMEONE BREEDING CHINCHILLAS?

HELLO, ROSALIND... Uh... WHAT A SURPRISE... COME IN. CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING?

TOLD ME WHAT... FRANKLIN?



A TETANUS BOOSTER AND A GALLON OF TOPICAL DISINFECTANT. YOU MUST BE THE PRODIGAL VALLEY GIRL...

I'M ROSALIND SHARPE. FRANKLIN'S BIRTHMOTHER. CHARMED.

NICE WRAPS. FUR IS MURDER.

BUSINESS?

FRANKLIN HASN'T TOLD YOU? SIGH PREDICTABLE...



FWOOF

FRANKLIN, YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT YOUR ADOPTIVE SISTER GOT ALL OF YOUR BACK-BONE.

I APPROVE. LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.

Uh, WAIT -- I...



YEAH... WELL, IT SEEMED LIKE YOU MIGHT BE STAYING FOR A WHILE... AND POP TARTS AREN'T CHEAP, YOU KNOW... SO --

DO YOU PRACTICE STAMMERING, OR IS IT A NATURAL GIFT?

THERE'S AN OPENING AT THE LAW FIRM FOR A SECRETARY. IF YOU HAVE THE PEOPLE SKILLS OF A TRAINED MONKEY, OR IF YOU'RE AT LEAST AS COMPETENT AS FRANKLIN, THE JOB IS YOURS.



... SORRY, CATS. I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE, BUT THIS MONKEY'S GOT SOME SWINGING TO DO.

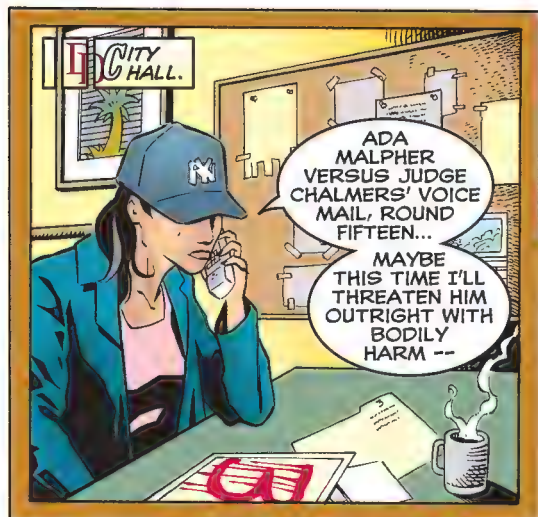
CANDY, WAIT!

I WOULDN'T WANT TO HANG AROUND HERE AND BE A BURDEN ON MY BROTHER.



CHARMING FAMILY YOU HAVE...

HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED TRYING TO UN-ADOPT YOURSELF?



ADA MALPHER
VERSUS JUDGE
CHALMERS' VOICE
MAIL, ROUND
FIFTEEN...

MAYBE
THIS TIME I'LL
THREATEN HIM
OUTRIGHT WITH
BODILY
HARM --



CHALMERS
HERE.

WHA--
Oh, HA... I
EXPECTED THE
BEEP. BURNING
THE MIDNIGHT
OIL, YOUR
HONOR...?

MALPHER.

YES.
NICE TO HEAR
YOU TOO. I'VE
LEFT YOU A FEW
MESSAGES --



I
KNOW... I'VE
ERASED THEM
ALL.

THERE'S
NO ROOM ON
MY BENCH FOR
GHOST HUNTS AND
CONSPIRACIES, Ms.
MALPHER. NOW
PLEASE...

TOLD
YOU NOT TO
ANSWER THAT
CALL... I GOT KIND
OF A SIXTH SENSE
ABOUT THESE
THINGS --

SHUT
UP. SHUT YOUR
MOUTH.

CONSIDER
THE LIP ZIPPED, YER
WORSHIP, BUT THE
BOSS DOESN'T WANT
YOU IN CONTACT
WITH MALPHER
UNTIL --

THE
"BOSS" DOESN'T
NEED YOU TO
SPEAK FOR
HIM...

CHALMERS' GUTS ARE SET
ON SLOW BURN... HIS HEART
RATE'S INCREASING WITH
EACH WORD...

...THE BEAT OF A *GUILTY MAN*...
OR A MAN UNDER DURESS...

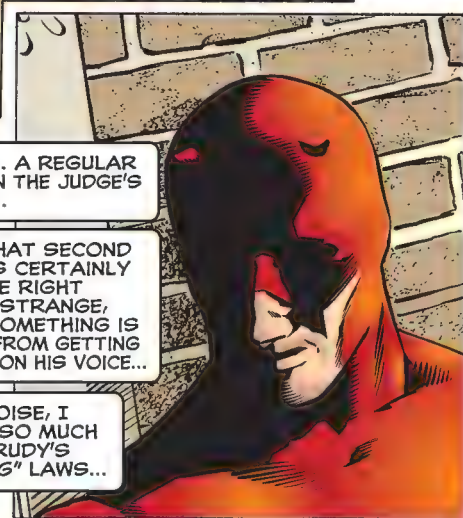
I'M PICKING UP ANOTHER *PULSE*
IN THERE WITH HIM... ONE I DON'T
RECOGNIZE...



...STOP
BOTHERING
ME.

BUT
YOUR
HON--

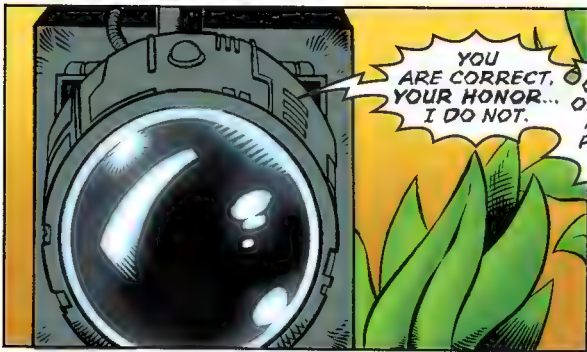
CLAXX



WELL, WELL... A REGULAR
LOVE-FEST IN THE JUDGE'S
CHAMBERS...

WHOEVER THAT SECOND
MAN IS, HE'S CERTAINLY
PUSHING THE RIGHT
BUTTONS... STRANGE,
THOUGH... SOMETHING IS
KEEPING ME FROM GETTING
A SOLID *FIX* ON HIS VOICE...

...STREET NOISE, I
SUPPOSE... SO MUCH
FOR UNCLE RUDY'S
"NO HONKING" LAWS...



YOU ARE CORRECT, YOUR HONOR... I DO NOT.

I AM QUITE IN COMMAND OF MY OWN VOICE... AND EXTREMELY PERCEPTIVE TO THE EMOTION IN YOURS.

PERHAPS YOU'RE BEGINNING TO TIRE OF OUR... BUSINESS RELATIONSHIP.



THIS ISN'T RIGHT... YOU PROMISED NO BLOODSHED... **SECRECY.**

I DID... BUT APPARENTLY, I DID SO PREMATURELY... SUCH IS LIFE, SOMETIMES. WHAT CAN ONE DO?

IT'S A LITTLE LATE IN THE GAME TO GROW A CONSCIENCE.

ESPECIALLY SINCE WE'RE NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT A FEW POLICEMEN ANYMORE... "CHARLIE" HAS BEEN DATING AGAIN.



WH-WHAT?!

BUT YOU SAID... YOU SAID YOU COULD CONTROL --

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, BOY?!

THE QUESTION SHOULD BE... "WHO" HAVE I DONE... YOUR HONOR.

NO!
NO!



THIS IS **UNACCEPTABLE!**

I WILL NOT GO THROUGH THIS AGAIN!

I'M SORRY...

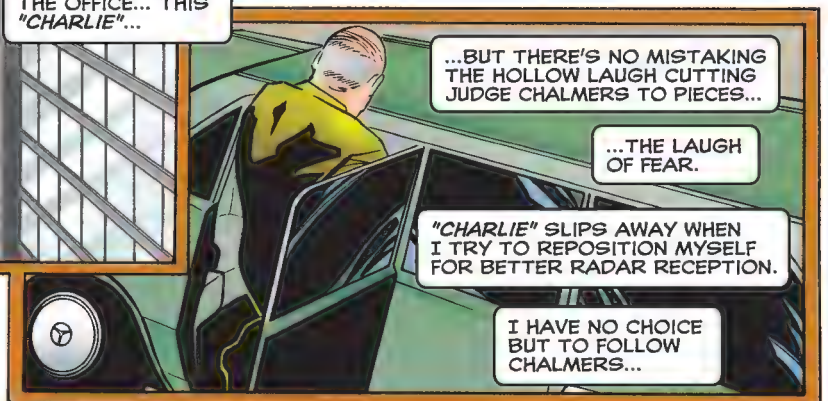
...YOU MUST HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH A SECURITY CAMERA WHO CARES.



NO... LORD IN HEAVEN...



I STILL MAY NOT HAVE A FIX ON THE SECOND MAN IN THE OFFICE... THIS "CHARLIE"...

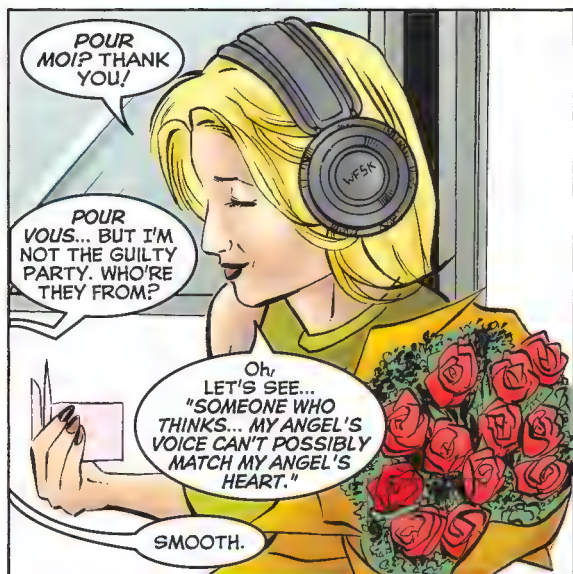
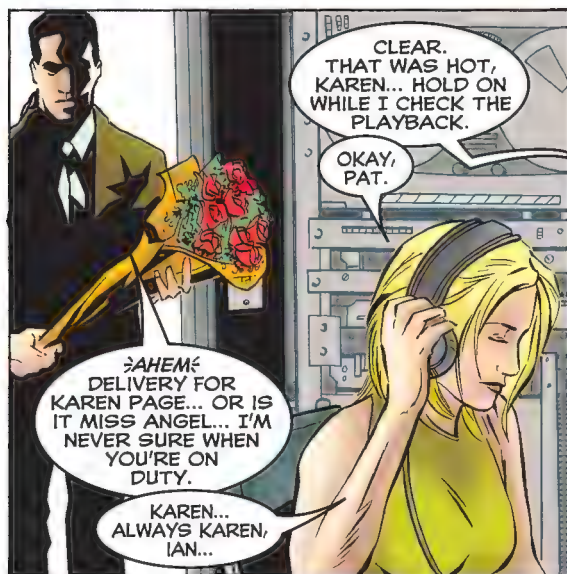


...BUT THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE HOLLOW LAUGH CUTTING JUDGE CHALMERS TO PIECES...

...THE LAUGH OF FEAR.

"CHARLIE" SLIPS AWAY WHEN I TRY TO REPOSITION MYSELF FOR BETTER RADAR RECEPTION.

I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FOLLOW CHALMERS...



HE IDLES THE CAR FOR A MINUTE... COLLECTING HIS PAPERS... HIS THOUGHTS...

WOULDN'T WANT THE NEIGHBORS TO SEE HIM UPSET...

THEY'RE GOING TO SEE MORE THAN THAT TONIGHT.

CH CHAKK

...I ONLY GIVE TO THE POLICE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

DARN... MAYBE YOU'LL BE WILLING TO READ SOME LITERATURE, THEN?

CH CHAKK

HOWEVER, I CAN'T HELP BUT BE SOMEWHAT IMPRESSED BY HIS HONOR'S PARANOIA...

NICE NEIGHBORHOOD. VERY SAFE.

YES. I ALWAYS TRY TO LIVE NEAR THE POLICE WHEN I HAVE A CHOICE. I WAS ONCE ON THE **JOB** MYSELF...

AND COPS -- LIKE FAMILY -- PROTECT THEIR OWN.

EVENING, YOUR HONOR... I'M WITH THE CITIZENS COALITION TO ABOLISH CORRUPT CITY OFFICIALS... CCACCO...

...AND I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD SPARE SOME CHANGE... SPARE SOME INFORMATION?

I'M SORRY, DAREDEVIL...

EVEN THOUGH I FEIGN SURPRISE, I WAS ON-TO THE **S.W.A.T.** TEAM BEFORE THE JUDGE'S CAR CAME TO A STOP --

GUN OIL AND SWEATY KEVLAR ARE A DEAD GIVEAWAY.

NOW, IF YOU'LL BE SO KIND AS TO REMOVE YOURSELF FROM MY FRONT STOOP...

JUDGE CHALMERS, WAIT --

IT DOESN'T TAKE A PSYCHIC FRIEND TO GUESS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.



YOUR
HONOR --
LOOK
OUT!

Ah... **YOUTHFUL
EXUBERANCE.**

I DON'T LIKE FIGHTING
COPS. REALLY BAD P.R....



BUT THE VOLUME ON THESE
GUYS IS TURNED UP TO
ELEVEN, AND I HAVE A FEELING
THAT THERE'S NO DAINTY
WAY OUT OF THIS...

DON'T
THEY TEACH
YOU GUYS THE
GENTLE ART OF
CONVERSATION
ANYMORE...?

OR
DID YOU SKIP
THAT CLASS TO
TAKE BETTER
BLUDGEONING
101?



LOOK, GUYS, WE'RE
ALL ON THE SAME
SIDE HERE... I LIKE
COPS...

...COPS -- WELL, ASIDE
FROM THE ROOKIE WHO'S
EATING PAVEMENT --
COPS LIKE ME...



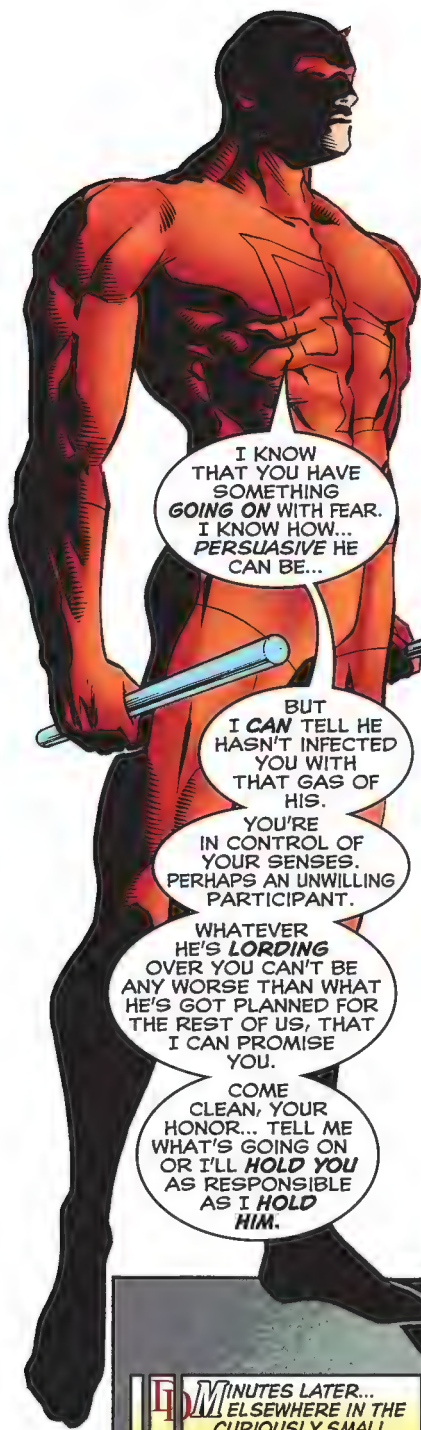
SO
WHAT DO YOU
ALL SAY WE TAKE A
CLEANSING BREATH,
AND START FROM
THE BEGINNING?

HI,
MY NAME'S
DAREDEVIL. I
STOP BAD
GUYS...

NOW
YOU TRY...

...WELL,
NOT YOU,
OFFICER... YOU'RE
BLEEDING.





I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE SOMETHING **GOING ON** WITH FEAR. I KNOW HOW... **PERSUASIVE** HE CAN BE...

BUT I **CAN** TELL HE HASN'T INFECTED YOU WITH THAT GAS OF HIS.

YOU'RE IN CONTROL OF YOUR SENSES. PERHAPS AN UNWILLING PARTICIPANT.

WHATEVER HE'S **LORDING** OVER YOU CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN WHAT HE'S GOT PLANNED FOR THE REST OF US, THAT I CAN PROMISE YOU.

COME CLEAN, YOUR HONOR... TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON OR I'LL **HOLD YOU** AS RESPONSIBLE AS I **HOLD HIM**.



SLEEP ON IT.

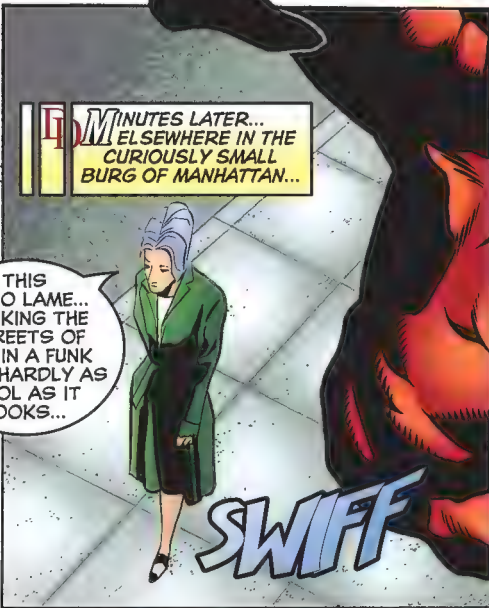


I'LL BE WAITING... ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL.



HOW NICE IT MUST BE, DAREDEVIL... TO BE A MAN WITHOUT CONFLICT... A MAN WITHOUT FEAR...

...A MAN WITHOUT SHAME...



MINUTES LATER... ELSEWHERE IN THE CURIOUSLY SMALL BURG OF MANHATTAN...

THIS IS SO LAME... WALKING THE STREETS OF NYC IN A FUNK ISN'T HARDLY AS COOL AS IT LOOKS...

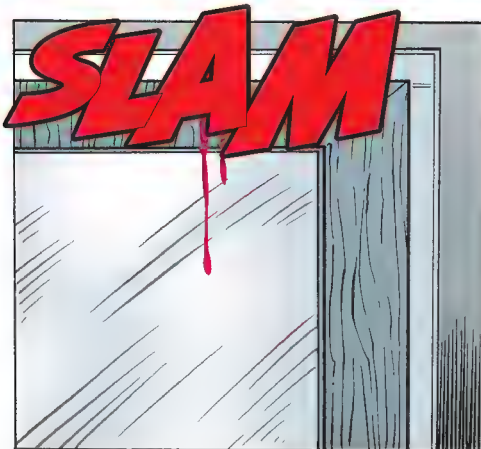
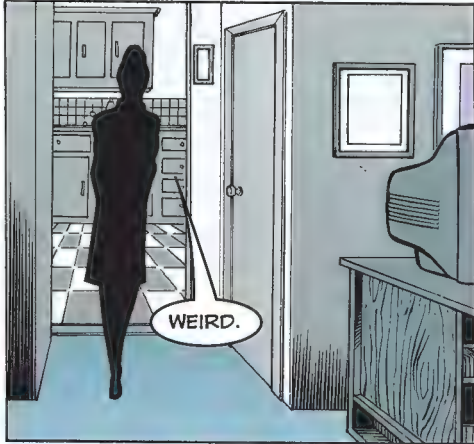
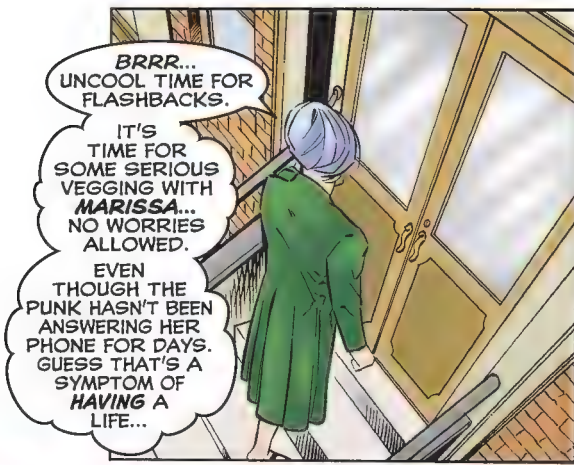
SWIFF

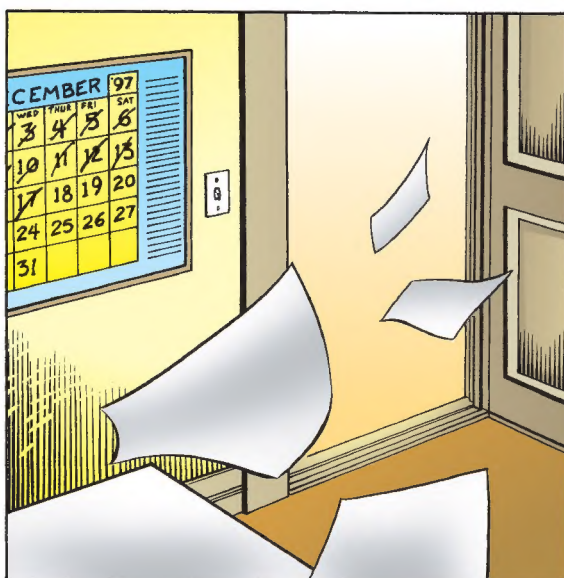
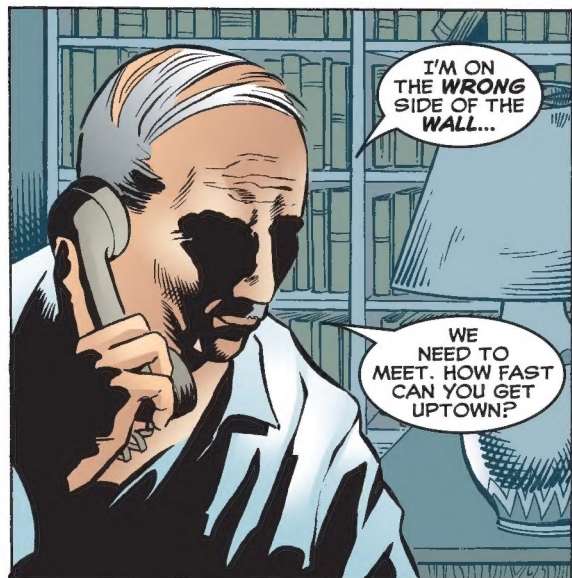


Oh, WOW...

FOGGY WANTS TO KNOW WHY I LEFT CALI... HOW COULD YOU NOT WANT TO LIVE IN A PLACE WHERE DUDES LIKE DD OR SPIDEY CAN SWING BY...

...AND PROTECT YOU FROM BAD THINGS.







WELCOME
BACK, NIGHT OWLS...
IF YOU JUST JOINED
US, WE'RE RAPPING
ABOUT **PERSONAL
RESPONSIBILITY...**

...AND
THE APPARENT
LACK OF IT IN OUR
HUMBLE NEW YORK
COMMUNITY.

WE'VE
GOT... CHARLIE
ON THE LINE... HEY,
CHARLES, TELL ME
WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING.

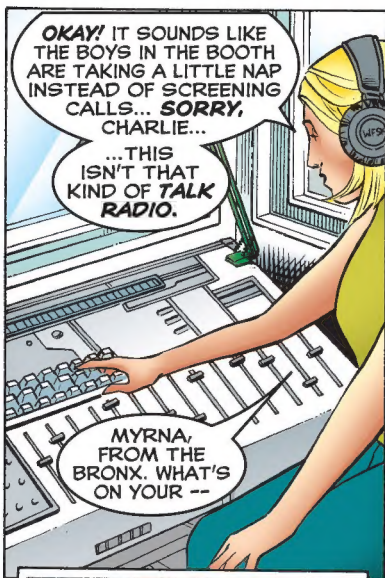
IF
I DID THAT,
YOU'D HANG
UP ON
ME...

...INSTEAD...
I'LL STICK TO THE
SCRIPT.

DID
YOU LIKE THE
FLOWERS?

FLOWERS?

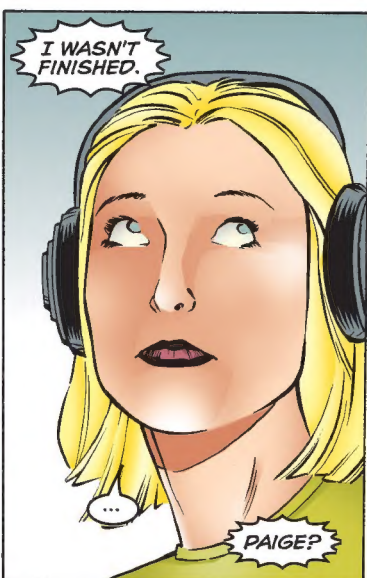
AND
THE CARD...
THE CARD ABOUT
YOUR HEART...
YOUR BEATING...
DRIPPING --



OKAY! IT SOUNDS LIKE
THE BOYS IN THE BOOTH
ARE TAKING A LITTLE NAP
INSTEAD OF SCREENING
CALLS... **SORRY**,
CHARLIE...

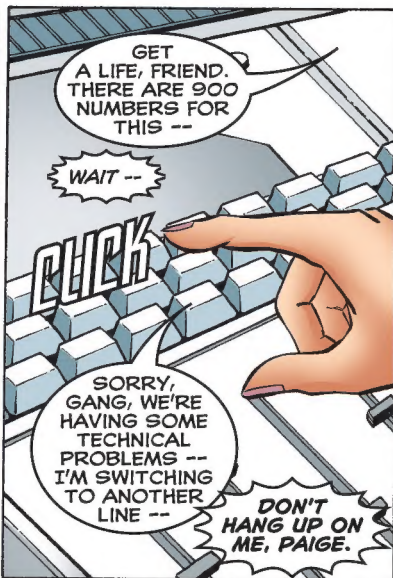
...THIS
ISN'T THAT
KIND OF **TALK
RADIO**.

MYRNA,
FROM THE
BRONX. WHAT'S
ON YOUR --



I WASN'T
FINISHED.

PAIGE?



GET
A LIFE, FRIEND.
THERE ARE 900
NUMBERS FOR
THIS --

WAIT --

CLICK

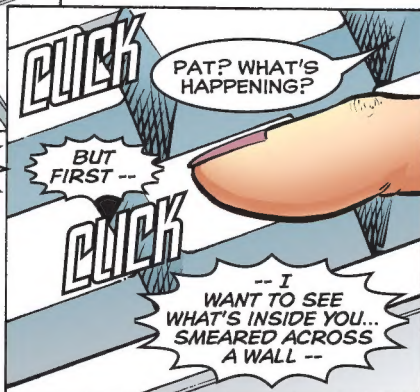
SORRY,
GANG, WE'RE
HAVING SOME
TECHNICAL
PROBLEMS --
I'M SWITCHING
TO ANOTHER
LINE --

**DON'T
HANG UP ON
ME, PAIGE.**



CLICK
I WANT
TO SHOW YOU
SOMETHING --

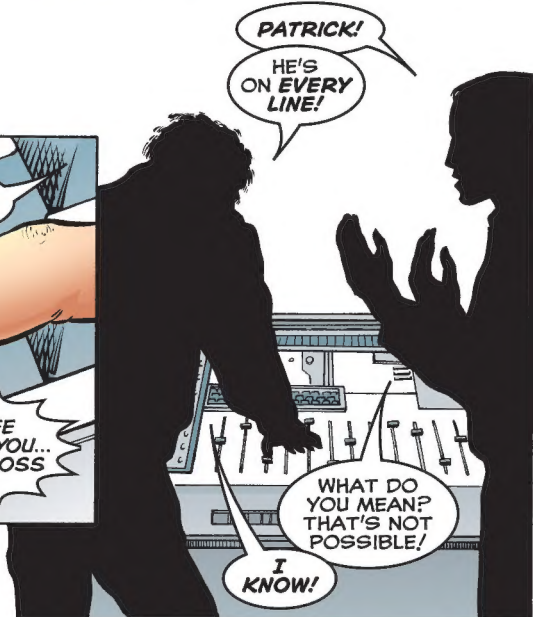
-- SHOW
YOU WHAT'S
INSIDE
ME --



CLICK
PAT? WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

CLICK
BUT
FIRST --

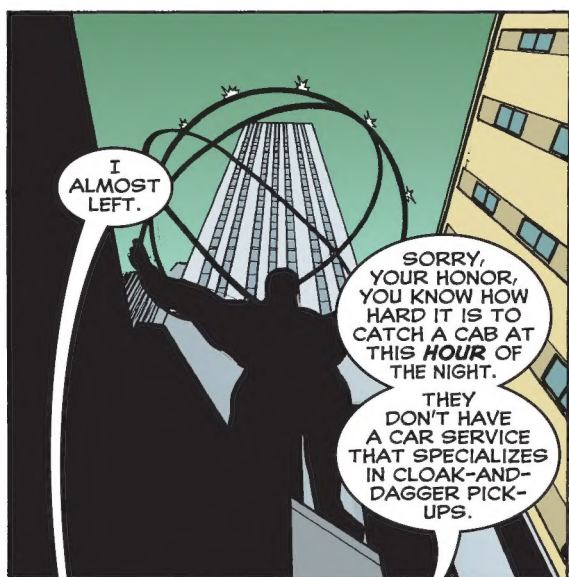
-- I
WANT TO SEE
WHAT'S INSIDE YOU...
SMEARED ACROSS
A WALL --



PATRICK!
HE'S
ON EVERY
LINE!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?
THAT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!

I
KNOW!



I
ALMOST
LEFT.

SORRY,
YOUR HONOR,
YOU KNOW HOW
HARD IT IS TO
CATCH A CAB AT
THIS *HOUR* OF
THE NIGHT.

THEY
DON'T HAVE
A CAR SERVICE
THAT SPECIALIZES
IN CLOAK-AND-
DAGGER PICK-
UPS.



NO, I
SUPPOSE THAT
THEY DON'T.

HAVE
YOU EVER
BEEN TIRED... Ms.
MALPHER... TO
THE POINT WHERE
BREATHING IS
A CHORE?

LAW
SCHOOL DID A
NUMBER ON ME... BUT I
DON'T THINK THAT'S WHERE
YOU'RE COMING FROM.



NO.
IT'S NOT.

WHAT --?



A
LAST BREATH...
Ms. MALPHER...

NY 635
14981
067 3918



...A SHIFTING OF THE
WEIGHT FROM MY
SHOULDERS.

KEEP
DOING WHAT
YOU'RE DOING,
COUNSELOR...
NO MATTER WHAT
THEY THROW AT
YOU. HAVE NO
FEAR.



I TAKE IT HE
WAS GOING FOR
"OBSCURE AND
MOURNFUL..."



...OR
WAS THAT
"RESOLVED AND
CRYPTIC"?

YOU
GOT ME.
HERE. MAYBE
YOU CAN MAKE
SENSE OF
THIS...



IT'S A LITTLE COLD TO PULL
THE "READING INK WITH MY
FINGERTIPS" TRICK, BUT
KATHY DOESN'T NOTICE I
HAVE TO TAKE OFF MY GLOVE --

-- A SERIAL
NUMBER? NO...

